



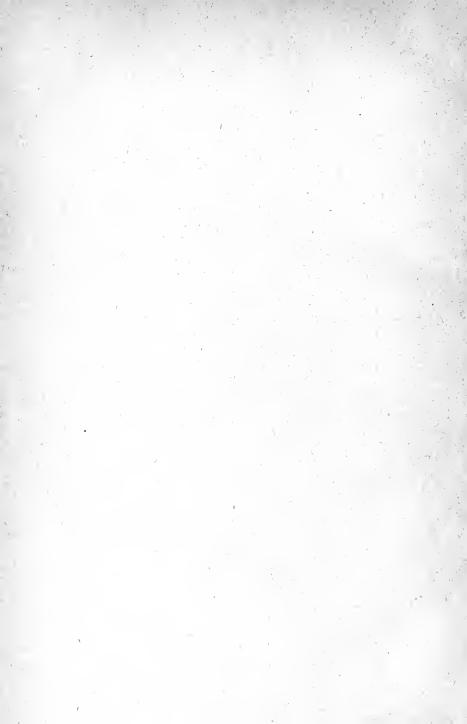
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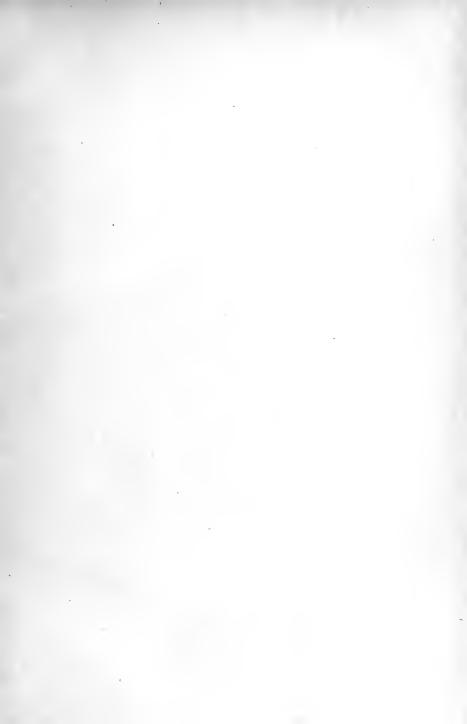
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GABRIEL PIERNÉ

IZEYL





Bernhardt in "Izeyl,"

Sarah Bernhardt began her American tour at Abbey's Theatre in New York on Monday evening, with the first por-formance in America of "Izeyl." The opinions of the metropolitan critics with regard to the play are somewhat diverse but there is a striking unanimity in the judgment upon the actress's art, as is evident by the quotations below:

With added experience and unfailing powers, says the Post, she is, of course, as much as ever mistress of all the technical expedients of her art. To display these in their fullest efficiency and with the greatest possible amount of rapid and striking contrast is the object of the four-act play "Izeyl," written expressly for her by Armand Sylvestre and Eugene Morand, and played with great success in Paris. In "Fédora," "Théodora," "Gismonda,". "La Tosca" and the rest, she had exhausted almost the whole field of morbid feminine passion, and it became necessary either to return to the portrayal of characters more or less akin to human nature, or to seek theatrical opportunities in some new direction. The authors conceived the notion of a romantic, mythical, poetic drama, semireligious and semi-passionate, with an in-fusion of spectacle and melodrama, and assigned to the Orient an indefinite number of centuries before the Christian era. It must be admitted that in putting their idea into execution they have exhibited literary facility, considerable dramatic ingenuity, some poetic imagination, a keen appreciation of the theatrical value of religious sentiment, and no little discretion in the treatment of it, although they have not succeeded in veiling the fact that poetic inspiration, didactic purpose and moral principles were secondary requirements of Mme. Bernhardt, who of late has misapplied her abnormal gifts to the not altogether successful attempt to reconsile the antipodes of human emotion.

Gabriel Pierne, a young French composer of great taste and skill, says Charles Henry Meltzer in the World, has written some delightful and ingenious music to accompany the action in "Izeyl." It is never obtrusive frequently characteristic, and aids greatly in sustaining the unquestionable interest of and sustaining the induced as a sustaining the mork work, which, except towards the close of the third act, is more akin, perhaps, to poetry than drama proper. Like other French musicians of our day, Gabriel Pierne has a marvellous control of picturesque orchestral effects. His oriental har-monies are curious, fine and piquant to a fault. The incomparable music to which Bizet set "L'Arleslenne" is, perhaps, the nearest parallel that could be found to M. Pierne'e score. Of Mme. Bernhardt's wonderful performance of Izeyl I hope to speak in detail later on. It may be ranked among her very noblest efforts. It lingers in the memory like the beauty of a sensuous

Sylvestre is a journalist of somewhat gross and Rabelaisian humor, yet capable times of poetry that has a suave and dainty grace. Morand is best known as a dainty grace. Morand is best known as a watercolor artist. Here was hardly the material, one would think, says the Herald, for a play that professes to probe the saddest and greatest mysteries of life, that deals with the most scored emotions, and has for its hero one of the noblest and purest of the teachers of humanity, the Messiah of the Orient, Prince Siddartha, otherwise known as Guatama Buddha. Yet, throughout, no note of insincerity is struck, and despite a elight undue confusion of carnal with spiritual love, the play on the whole is an apparently earnest and a certainly effective treatment of a noble theme.

The first two acts of "Izeyl," says the Times, are not exhibarating, certainly, and the scene of temptation and self-abnegation proved to possess no startling quality. It was interesting and beautiful, and treated by Bernhardt with exquisite simplicity and grace. The third act was

looked forward to by tolks who had come to be stirred, and they were not disap-pointed. But it was free from any sus-pleton of trickery. The hysterical joy of the penitent woman before she realized Scyndia's purpose, the frenzied passion at the moment of the murder, the succeeding ony of remorse and despair, the expres-

n of terror when the people first pro-aimed her doom, and the denotement of tranquii resignation as Siddartha bids her accept her fate willingly, were examples of the actor's art in its highest development. In the last scene the striking makeup, the solemn surroundings—the picture, in short—make most of the effect.

The play, the scenes, the character, are written down to the atmosphere of Bernhardt woman, says the Mail and Express, and up to the scope of the actress's surest command of her superb art in its varied phases. The performance is wonderful in its force, and at times in its thrilling simulation of nature, as in the third act, in which the murder occurs; and the role being made specially to fit her, the personation is impressive throughout.

The famous Frenchwoman's art, which seemed faultless four years ago, says Hillary Bell in the Press, has now rounded out to more marvellous symmetry. She has lost nothing of her ancient power or subtlety, her eloquence of expression or her music of voice. But something new and rarer still has been added to her skill in a mes a chiaro obscura, a conservation of force for the splendid bursts of climaxes. Time, which has seemingly restored the whilom youth of her face and form, has increased her dramatte instinct, always extraordinary, now. unparalleled. No foreign player, nor Irving, nor Duse, nor Mounet-Sully, could equal the superb art with which she comes back to us. It was a wonderful stroke she gave us last night in the murder scene, a consummate union of nature and technique, full of subtle lights and shadows, alike caressing and convincing, powerful in treatment, yet fininshed to perfection in even the smallest detail, and culminating in a magnificent weep of tragedy.

After this sketch of MM. Sylvestre and Morand's play, I need not, I fancy, enter upon any criticism of it, says Vance Thompson in the Commercial Advertiser. It is merely Sardon, sophisticated with a sensual mysticism, and written, it should be added, in delightful verse-in words that rustle and glisten. To drama of this sort, there belong murders and bestialities-splashes of dirt and splashes of blood. The instincts strut naked. There is no interval between the concept and the deed. There is nothing which lends human value to these abrupt and unexplained characters. The value of the play is purely theatrical and with Sarah as Izeyl, its theatrical value is im-mense. You accept the play, therefore, merely as a frame, brilliant and golden, but wood for the actress; nothing more. As an acting drama it is rudimentary and artificial in a degree. It makes no pretence to scratching the surface of Buddhism. I wish it had.

"IZEYL."

Bernhardt Introduces New Character.

"Rosedale" Revived by Mr. and Mrs. Mason.

"The Brownies" Greet Friends at Hollis Street. lournel - may 24-96

Madame Sarah Bernhardt began an engagement at the Tremont Theatre last evening, presenting for the first time in Boston a drama in four acts by Messrs. Armand Sylvestre and Eugene Morand, entitled "Izeyl." Here are the leading characters and actors: Before attempting a criticism of last

night's performance, let us come to an night's performance, let us come to un understanding. We in America are a hypocritical people. We are ashamed of an honest ignorance. Many of us know a little French; that is, we can read the language by much sweating over lexicon and grammar. To such of us the spoken language is as Fils,

over rexicon and attended of us the spoken language is as Fiji, merely a succession of barbarous sounds. Others of us know no more French than has been stolen for home consumption. We could not get the meaning out of the simplest of Parislan sentences, even to maintain our position in society. When Bernhardt comes, Consequent we are bold and careless of public opinion we buy a "hook of the play," and are miserable. If we are timid and prone to blush, we sit in haughty disregard of the playbook and are miserable. For those few fortunate mortalsthose infinitesimally few—in last night's audience to whom French is as a native the music and rhythm of the verse, the delicacy of the sentiment, the loftliness of the Ideal, the charm of the poetical figure and fancy, which make the drama "Izey!," we do not write. They had an evening of rare enjoyment.

Properly speaking the leading character in "Izey!" is the Buddha. While the stage is usurped for the most part by the woman Izey!, it is the Prince who forms the never charging background. He rules. While the story reminds one slightly of certain features of the story of the New Testament, this resemblance is by no means fundamental. It is more fanctful than realmental. It is more fanctful than realmental it is more fanctful than realmental to so the story of the story of the series of what was in their minds—those 12 disciples, for instance, and the prototype in scenic effect of the sermon on the mount which opens the second act—the Christ and Mary Magdelme would never have been suggested.

The drama is not a good one for the use to which Bernhardt is at present through the series of the second control of the control of the series of the serie

most immediately she appears, our sue does nothing.

She is .. mere listener to the argument between the Prince and the Yoghi. The second act promised more, but revealed as little. The Prince is found on a mental state of the Prince is found on a mental state. The prince is control to the prince of the prince of the prince to the prince of the prince of the prince of the compt; she stays to worship. The temp-tation, which, unfortunately for the spectators, was carried on in semi darkness, was of the mildest sort.

These two acts prepare for the traged of the third. Indeed, one has a suspicion that it was for this third act that the play was written. It was certainly because of this act hat was certainly because of this act hat Bernhardt became from the control of the property of the control of the control of the property of the control o

To her Lasyl rehearses with wonderful vividness the scene which has just been enacted, her eyes ever and anon seeking that clot beneath which liesses he knows what. She knows now that she has killed the King, but her course has killed the King, but her countries when Harastri says the woman is justified in killing to defend her honor. At last comes an end to the great suspense. The mother learns that it is her son who has been mudered, and the sympathizer, the friend becomes the harsh judge. Izeyl is condemned to a death by torture.

With this act interest for the mere-lookers-on declines. The fourth act is but a slight improvement over the first two. Izeyl, sightless, bruised and broken by her forment, passes away in the arms of the Master, who calms her last moments by the assurance of his love.

his love.

Bernhardt's art was evidenced in all its power in the third act. No one can portray pure, unbridded passion as since the property of the passion as the power of the passion as the passion at the passion of the emotions and the clevation of the dead level which is the characteristic of modern life. She is an animal. She weeps, she laught, since the passion of the passion of the passion acting. It explains her great success with characters of the Sardou school and with those of some of the old masters—characters who suffer, and suffer out loud.

ters—characters who suffer, and suffer out loud.
Bernhardt's support was even. If was competent, but nothing more. M. Deval's Yoqui somewhat overtopped the others. M. Darmont's chief fault seemed to be a lack of power. He did not make the personality of the master sufficiently impressive.

Something About "Izeyl." 5

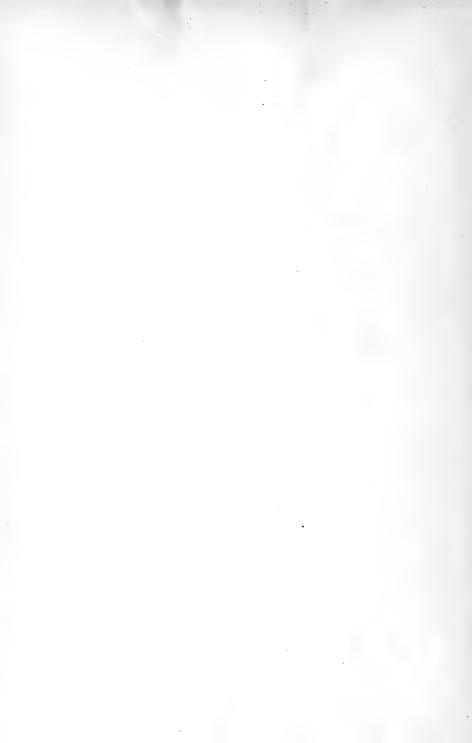
Sarah Bernhardt has not been seen in Boston for four years, and three of the roles which she will present at the Tre-mont Theatre this week are practically new to Boston theatre-goers. "Izeyl!" is new to Boston theatre-goers. "Izeyl" is one of the most sensational novelties of a decade on the Paris stage. Helmath ("Magda,") while it has been done here in Eng-lish by Mme. Modjeska, has never been seen in French, and Racine's "Phedre" is so old as to be new to the present-day play-goers. For "Izey!" Mme. Bernhardt brings her original cast from the Theatre de her original cast from the Theatre de la Renaissance, Paris, and all the original soenes, properties and costumes. The play is a tragedy in verse, written especially for Bernhardt by Armand Sylvestre and Eu-gene Morand, two bright young Parisian dramatiste. The music is by Gabriel Pierné. The story of the piece is a welrd, semi-barbaric tale, but with the passions of, primitive men and women. of primitive men and women.

mens for their story in the legends trans-lated by Burnouf. The first act takes place in the public square in the city of Kapla-vasion. To the right is the high temple of vasion. To the right is the high temple or Kall, and to the left the palace of the courtesan Izeyl. The Prince Scyndia is madly in love with Izeyl, and he bids his attendants bring flowers and music to give his usual morning serenade. His mistress his usual morning serenade. appears with her attendants. While she is satisfied with the luxurious homage given she dreams of the unknown, and scarcely condescends to glance at the golden tripod stolen by the prince from the sacred altar of the temple to lay at her feet. Indignant crowds gather in the square and threaten Izeyl with punishment for the sacrilege, but the Prince Harastri calms the popular tempest by saying that such creatures must be treated with the silent contempt they deserve. This language is new to Izeyl. She likes it not, and seeks revenge. Suddenly the trumpets announce the coming of the crown prince Saryamouni, who goes to the temple to pray before his coronation. Respectfully the people bow, but the prince seems sad and weary. He bids the Yogi to speak and tell him of the crimes, the sin and grief of the world. The diseased, the poor and suffering are brought to tell their rale of woe to the as-tonished prince, for he has seen only the bright side of life. He determines not to reign, and he gives up his empire, going to the desert to preach—a mere disciple of

Yogi. Izeyl has hastened to the rescue and she says that did he know love, he would not go, and the Yogi dares her to try her nower.

The second act represents a clear starlight night in the forest. Under the branches of a cedar tree the Prince is seated. In the distance flows the river, and now and then one hears the murmur of soft music and song, and the merry noise of laughter in the illuminated barges. It is here that the new disciple must be tempted. Women come and kneel at his feet, beseeching his love, but he will not listen to their prayer. Suddenly Izeyl appears, beautiful and statuesque, in a long robe of silk and gold. She kneels to confess her life and sin. She is tender, repentant, caressing. She weeks and implores, but all in vain. Faith triumphs, but the man is kindly. His words are gentle, and when he talks of spiritual love, and of the beauty and happiness of pure faith and hope, Izeyl believes and becomes the Madeleine of the Hindu Christ.

The third act is very dramatic. After walking three days and three nights through the desert, Izeyl has returned with Yogi to her home. She is III, and comes only to have her treasures sold to give everything to the poor. But another severe trial is in store for her. Scyndia, in her absence and unknown to her, has become the king. He this nown to her, has become the king. He is carefully watched by his mother, the Princess Harastri. She shuts him up in his room every night and guards the doors of her palace. Nevertheless, the prince escapes and leads a merry life. He brings to Izeyl treasures, jewels and gold, and she asks if she can take them without promise, and then she tells the Yogi to give them to the poor. The king becomes aggressive, and Izevi indiana violent and aggressive, and Izeyl indignant and outraged. Finally, in the struggle, she snatches his dagger from his belt and kills him. She does not know that she has killed the king. The king's mother discovers the deed. Upon her order, Izeyl is condemned to the torture. They tear out her eyes. They beat her with sticks. They stone her on the place of public execution. There she is left to die. The Buddha, the master, comes to her, and when he confesses that in the desert she did indeed tempt him, for he is, despite his creed, but a man, she dies content, for death does not matter much to the woman who knows she is loved.



IZEŸL

Drame Indien en 4 Actes

ARMAND SILVESTRE & EUGÈNE MORAND

Musique de Scène

de

GABRIEL PIERNÉ

PARTITION CHANT ET PIANO



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Pour la partition, les parties d'orchestre et les parties de chour, s'adresser aux Editeurs-propriétaires



IZEŸL

ARMAND SILVESTRE

et

EUGÈNE MORAND

GABRIEL PIERNÉ

ACTE I

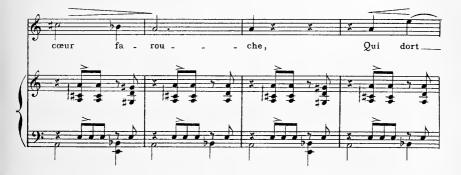
N° 1. Aubade

MODE NETTA

RÉPL: Qu'on lui chante les vers ou je dis qu'elle est belle.































UN MAÎTRE DES CÉRÉMONIES entre .

Roi, parmi tes sujets

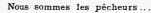


chaque famille élue T'apporte ses présents, ô maître, et te salue!



(Le défilé commence) 15e ENTRÉE LE PÊCHEUR DE PERLES











Nº 3. Cortège funèbre

(SUR LE MODE VARATI TRANSPOSÉ)







Nº 4. Entrée des Princesses





Nº 5. Stances du Prince

(MODE BHAIRAVI)

Bénis moi donc mon père

(Le Yoghi benit le Prince. Tout le monde s'agenouille avec des murmures d'admiration)



Le monde était trop loin du trône

Et l'homme de ma royauté



Je vais partout porter l'aumône Puisque tout nait en pauvreté.





pleur, Je viens pour consoler qui souffre Puisque tout vit par la douleur



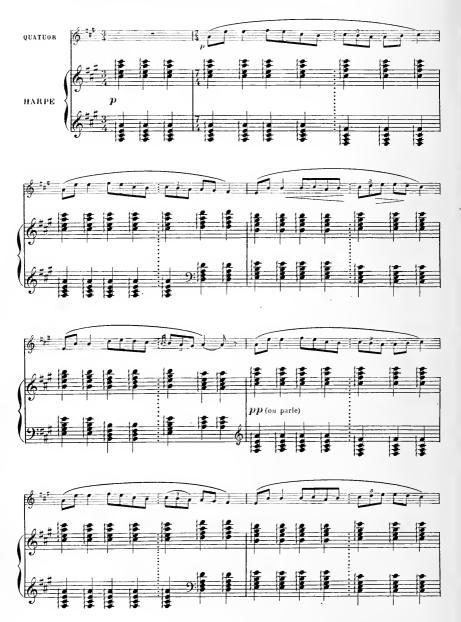


sort Je pars enterrer qui succombe Puisque tout finit par la mort!



RÉPL: J'ai besoin de rester seul avec ma prière

Nº 6. Entrée des Princesses (REPRISE)





RÉPL: Avec le tranchant des éclairs

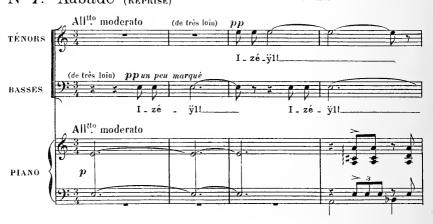
Nº 6bis Sortie des Princesses





7. Aubade (REPRISE)

RÉPL: Regarde aux profondeurs de la nuit









RÉPL: Que sa cendre s'envole aux quatre vents du ciel

Nº 8. Prière Boudhique



Ped. pendant tout ce morceau







RÉPL: Pour la dernière fois voyez le jour encor

N° 9. Stances d'Ize \ddot{y} l



tous mes souvenirs passés.





vina chantent tout à l'entour Ah! comme tout est doux qui nous parle d'amour.



Comme une morte bien-aimée J'avais mis ma jeunesse en



deuil _Ô la pâle embaumée _ Dans le lit profond d'un cercueil



J'avais fait la tombe sans porte J'avais muré le seuil en pleurs _Ô la morte,la pâle morte_



De tout le poids de mes douleurs.

Mais malgré ses paupières closes



Depuis les suprêmes adieux _O la morte qui dans les roses_ Sur le linceul ouvre les yeux.





_Ô ma jeunesse, ô mon beau rêve_Je t'avais mal enseveli!

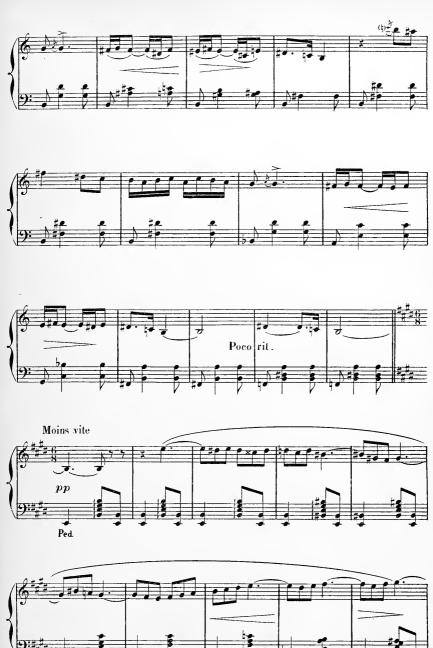


N° 10. Sérénade à Izeÿl















RÉPL, A l'ombre de ton aile.

N° 11. Choral funèbre, Mort d'Ize \ddot{y} l









Pour tous morte, Izeÿl n'est pas morte pour toi. fléchit une inflexible loi Cet air qui t'environne est plein de son haleine Et le chant du pasteur égaré dans la plaine Dans les échos lointains résonne avec sa voix peu d'elle est caché dans ce que tu vois Le tout puissant Indra sous sa dextre garde Ne doute plus des Dieux. vous



Nº 12. Nirvana

